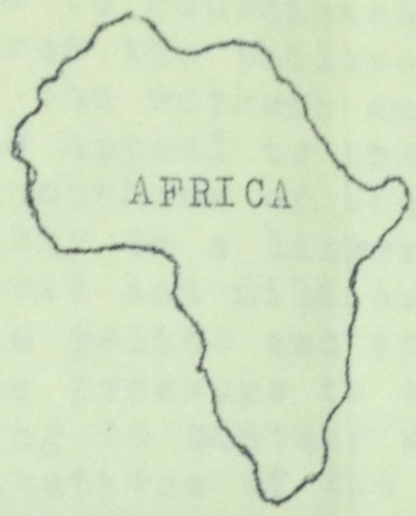
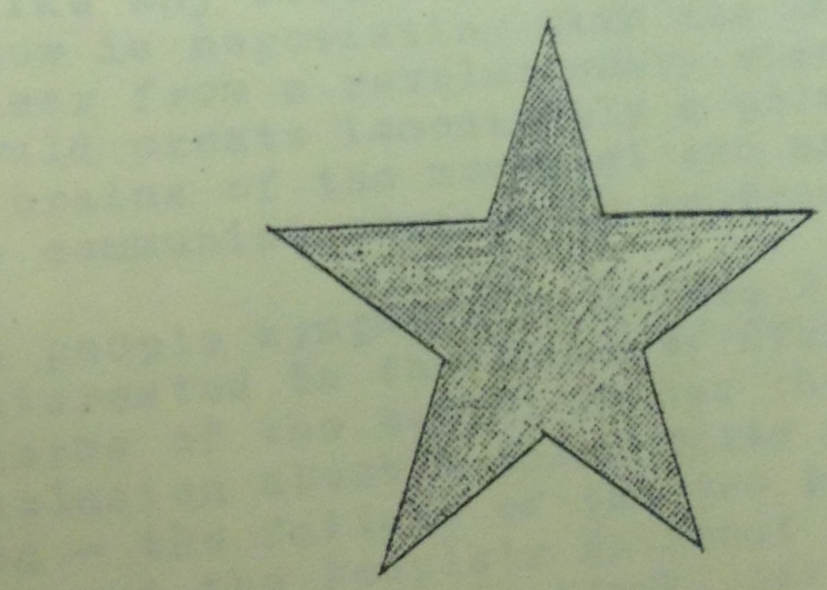
THE BLACKMAN

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE AFRICAN NATIONALIST UNION
THE AUTHENTIC VOICE OF GARVEYISM IN JAMAICA



ONE GOD, ONE AIM, ONE DESTINY



A RACE WITHOUT AUTHORITY AND POWER IS A RACE WITHOUT RESPECT
.....Marcus Garvey

REMEMBER YOUR COLOUR AND CLEAVE TO THE BLACK ..Paul Bogle

PRICE 10 cents NOVEMBER, 1970 Volume 2 No. 7

MWALIMU MARCUS GARVEY SPEAKS:

In the course of all revolutionary action four more or less well defined stages are evident. Stage one consists of agitation by individuals and groups against the power structure, the formation of small unrelated groups desirous of change and the incidence of sporadic acts of violence that are uncoordinated, of varying degrees of intensity and are obviously spontaneous reactions to the system. Stage two is a period when the political arm of the revolutionary movement is forged. During this time, the political guidelines are formulated that will determine what the revolutionary activist is to fight, and if necessary, die for. The revolution has acquired its brains and an apparatus to coordinate, plan and direct revolutionary activity. In stage three the philosophy of the revolution is brought to the mass of the workers and peasants in direct, simple and forceful form. The appeal to the people creates a mass movement relentlessly/ relentless seeking the overthrow of the oppressive system. Violence is coordinated, generally on a larger scale and so regular and persistent that the civil and military forces of the power structure are over-extended. The police and soldiers on account of indoctrination and the relentless pressure to which they are subjected realise that they are attempting to contain and restrain freedom fighters who are truly representatives of the people and are fighting a just cause. They become disaffected and the way is open for the fourth and final stage. In this stage the final act in the taking of power is played either in a hail of bullets or with the flight of the agents of oppression. Jamaica is at the present time in stage one of the revolutionary process. This should be obvious to even the most vocal of the revolutionary elements found on any street corner of Kingston most hours of the day or night. Whether these loud-mouths realise it or not, the communists, who are certainly more inclined to revolution than most other proponents of change, have political parties and contest elections. The Viet Cong who for the last few years have been doing some real fighting and little talking, unlike any street-corner agitators, have a political aim which even now is negotiating with the Americans in Paris. It should be clear from a revolutionary view point that the Black Power movement should create immediately a political party able to function as the brains of the movement and capable of contesting local elections as communist parties do in France, Italy and elsewhere.

Those people sympathetic to the Black Power movement, or otherwise interested in the cause of African Nationalism, who see a solution interms of the ballot rather than, the bullet, will come to the same conclusion about a third party as the revolutionary for one simple reason - the failure of the two political parties, the Jamaica Labour Party and the People's National Party, to satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the black, African masses of Jamaica.

The advent of the two political parties and their ancillary unions have brought about unprecedented bitterness in political rivalry in Jamaica. Since 1944, there has been a history of bloodshed and violence in all elections. Both sides have been to blame.

There ...../

There was an escalation of the violence in the period 1966 to 1967, immediately preceding the last general election, when the bullets flew in all directions and at all hours as African brothers murdered each other in order to further the political ambitions of evil and unscrupulous men. Their reward for fratricide was in all cases, the traditional few pieces of silver.

The incapacity and ineffectiveness of the two party system is no more evidenced than by the chaotic state of essential services such as water, light, telephones, garbage collection and road building and maintenance. These two political institutions, which have shared power during the last 26 years, have exhibited almost chronic ineptitude in planning on a national scale. Housing schemes and later condominums have sprouted but additional water supplies, electric power and garbage disposal facilities have lagged behind. In addition, while the hotels, the apartment houses and the luxury villas have been built to accommodate the paleface money-bags, the black masses endure a situation where more than two-thirds of the people are still using pit toilets. Development for whom?

It is a fact that in 1938 the black people of Jamaica owned a far greater percentage of the land area of the country than they now own in the year 1970. The bauxite companies and the Jewish, Syrian and Chinese entrepreneurs have gobbled up the land of the country with the approval of the governments of the two-party system. Developments for whom?

Thousands of skilled intelligent and hard-working blacks have been forced out of Jamaica by low wages, high and ever-increasing prices, political victimisation, a cultureless society in which meaningful black literature is banned and a moronic, philistine and colour prejudiced community which places great value on straight hair and light complexion. Development for whom?

In spite of the false propaganda of development and economic progress, there are today over 200,000 unemployed persons in Jamaica out of a total population of about 2,000,000. The unemployed are all black, all Africans. Jews, Chinese, Syrians, Americans, Englishmen or Canadians are never unemployed in Jamaica. In fact, they are always managers or bosses, but then they have the essential attributes for advancement in Jamaican society. Development for whom?

A strange situation has arisen in Jamaica. The number of people eligible to vote and actually voting appears to be decreasing in succeeding elections in Jamaica. It would appear that somewhere between 25% and 50% of the persons resident in Jamaica over the age of 21 years are without a vote. This shows the remarkable skill of the power structure in devising such an efficient system of voter registration. If the present trend continues, elections will soon have to be abolished for want of eligible voters. Strange country Jamaica. But very developed you can be sure.

Black ...../

Black people we need our own political party now. Whether you are a revolutionary activist or a believer in gradual change without force, it should be clear that only a party of the black people, for the black people by the black people can point us in the right direction at this time. We must have an African political party based on the principles of Garveyism, dedicated to black control of the economy, and equal opportunity for all our people. We want a new deal from a new pack of cards.

GARFIELD SOBERS

When Sobers went to Rhodesia to play a game of cricket with his newly found white friends, he could not have anticipated the massive criticism that his stupidly arrogant decision would cause. Sobers, who has spent so much of his time playing games with whites, cannot understand the feeling of black people throughout the world at this time when the cry for Black Power and African Solidarity is heard in all quarters. We must conclude that he has been, and it appears still is, a very insensitive and unfeeling person. Imagine this lone black man striding with equanimity to the wickets in Rhodesia, the lone African player on the white field, before a white crowd from which people of his race and colour were banned. But Sobers had already shown his contempt for the black race. He like so many other sporting and acting personalities could not find a life partner among his own race and kind. He had to marry a white woman. Is it not strange that the greatest cricketer in the world, Sobers, the Barbadian African, marries a white woman; the greatest footballer in the world, Pele, the Brazilian African, marries a white woman; and Floyd Patterson, former heavyweight champion of the world, has married a white woman also? How different is the action of that proud son of Africa, Mohammed Ali (Cassius Clay) who takes a woman of his own race to wife. The lesson to be learned from this proud and determined African warrior is that - A BITCH OF BABYLON IS NO MATE FOR THE AFRICAN SUPERMAN. Sobers' action is not a surprise to those who have been watching the attitudes of black sports heroes and film stars over the years. To conscious blacks dedicated to the principles of Black Power, Sobers has played the part of a traitor to the African Race. The least we can do is to boycott the test series if Sobers is allowed to play against India.

Since the above was written news has been received of Sobers' sincere regrets. This cannot alter the situation, Garfield Sobers stands condemned of an action treacherous to the best interests of his race.

POWER TO THE AFRICAN RACE! POWER TO THE BLACK PEOPLE! DEATH AND DAMNATION FOR THE ENEMIES OF AFRICA!!

N E W S

The Annual General Meeting of the African Nationalist Union was held on Sunday, 27th September, 1970. The following officers were elected to the Managing Committee of the A.N.U.:-

President	-	M. Garvey
First Vice President	-	A. Davis
Second Vice President	-	P. Reid
Secretary	-	E. Curtis
Treasurer	-	U. Thompson
Assistant Secretary	-	D. Bailey
Assistant Treasurer	-	C. Stewart
	-	A. Boucher
	-	C. Kennedy
	-	A. Hall
	-	D. Phillibert

Two public meetings were held on the 11th and 18th of October, 1970, at Mutual Co-operative Hall, 60 Wildman Street, Kingston. The first meeting was held to discuss the topic - "We Need a Third Political Force in Jamaica NOW". As a result the meeting on the following week discussed the aims and objects of a third party. The meetings were very spirited and audience participation was of a high order. It is planned to have a programme of public meetings for the two first Sundays in every month at the same address. Topics of national and international importance will be discussed.

Copies of THE BLACKMAN may be obtained from:-

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Clancy's Records,
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I.T.A.C.,
2 Wildman Street,
Kingston.

Council on Afro-Jamaican Affairs,
9B Retirement Crescent,
Kingston 5.

SUPPORT AFRICAN BUSINESS!! INDEPENDENT TRADE UNIONS NOW!!

JOIN AFRICAN ORGANISATIONS!!

Swahili is to become the national language in Kenya as it is in neighbouring Tanzania. English is to be displaced except in institutions of higher learning by the 31st December, 1971. The National Assembly and local council businesses will be conducted in Swahili. Obviously our brothers in Africa are tired of the white man's language - so are we.

WHAT ARE YOU LIVING FOR?

What are you living for? If the average person is asked this question unexpectedly, he is at once stumped; while truthful conscience apologetically avers, "I really haven't given it serious thought". Yet if one asks any one walking or driving along a road this question, "Why are you walking, or driving?" as the cass may be, he would very promptly and truthfully state his purposse for so doing. If he couldn't then he would be described as a person wandering aimlessly, therefore of unsound mind. The penalty for living aimlessly is not imposed by Society, but is a consequence thereof.

Selfishness can Boomerang

People who think seriously about their purpose in life, usually do so in terms of individual wants and exigencies for themselves, and sometimes their families; it is the unusual person who would subordinate his desires to that of community, nation or Race. Yet the very purpose of creation is negatived when we plan our lives with utter disregard for those around us, when our actions do not mesh in with the security of the whole, and often cause the many to suffer for the fleeting enjoyment of one or a few.

Selfishness may have its immediate material gain, but it bears interest in its own kind, and when it is returned it has the lash of retribution. Isn't it true that "what you sow, you reap?

What is Life?

The primary thought of everyone who has reached the age of discre-tion should be - "what is my purpose in life?" All future thoughts and actions hinge on the answering goal, and the latter depends on our definition of life, who gave it? and "the strings" attached to the gift.

What is life? Is it just a state of being alive, whether in inertia, apathy, or activity and animation? Is it time-limited during its process of growth and existence by death which causes the end? Or is man so endowed by his creator that he can, if he will, out-distance time and reach eternity? Is it a union of body and soul? Or is it a state of mind that defies time and place or physical form?

Argue as we will, these elementary facts remain - that God set matter in motion and gave to it the capacity to develop and change by orderly processes, this is called Nature, or God's laws; thus we see it in plant-life, animal-life, and in man; each separate and distinct in growth, development and capacity, yet all part of an over-all pattern to serve the needs of man.

Man's Likeness to God.

What makes man greater than all God's creation? Because he is endowed with the faculty to think. We speak of man as being made in the image of his Creator; wherein does the likeness lie? As God is a spirit, and has no form, so the likeness of man to Him, is without form - it is the mind - this is what makes man a power above earthly creations, and establishes his kinship with God.

That man is able to do right or wrong, hurt or destroy his followmen, and sometimes himself, is not an accident of creation, but its set purpose; in that there is a capacity in man to resist his own inclinations .../

inclinations and emotions. God's purpose is to make a free creature, with the ability to think, to reason, and to choose right, not from fear of punishment or reward, but from superior reasoning to place intrinsic value on invaluable qualities.

Colour a Blessing

Man is not made to act like an automaton, to be ussd and misused by his fellowmen, nor should he be rated as a commodity - cheaper than diamonds, uranium, rubber and oil. In him is the capacity to think, create, progress, and resist oppression; by using these talents he exhibits the God-power in him, and fulfills the high purpose of his Creator.

The colour of man's skin, and the texture of his hair is varied like flowers - the black man like the sunflower, smilingly kissing the sun; while the white man like the violet thrives best in cool places. Thus each race is physically fitted for its own natural habitat on this earth with its differenct climate. Dark pigmentation and frizzled hair is not an accident, nor is it a curse, but Nature's protection.

God is not a Daily Santa Claus

Clever men have fooled millions into slothdom and poverty by making them believe that God is a personal God, and if you John Brown pray to him, loud enough, and long enough, you will get what you want to meet your material earthly needs and a permanent celestial home, bye and bye. But God is not a daily Santa Claus. He gave to man his greatest and only gift necessary to man's happy existence when he gave him life, with all its spiritual attributes of greatness akin to Him - the Maker. He neither interferes in man's daily material life, nor is he absent from it. He is in fact in that process of Nature, guided and regulated by laws, which He made in the beginning, and which altereth not.

Blaming God for Man's Neglect

God does not send hurricanes, droughts and famine to punish people so affected, as many are scared into believ-ing. Hurricanes are the effect of Nature working in that particular sphere. Droughts are often caused because of deforestation, and divertion of river courses. Famine is a man-made scourge, caused from economic neglect, which man is capable through scientific mind to prevent; yet in order to fool his brother man he calls these phenomena - "Acts of God".

What is Prayer?

It is instinctive in man that he should want to communicate at times with the Source of his Being, and to get renewed strength therefrom. Primitive man made idols - something he could touch and see, to represent the Unseen, all-powerful Being, and prayed to them. The human soul has always longed for Harmony with the Will of God - this is true Happiness, but civilized man when misdirected by commercialized religion, or lacking knowledge of his own spiritual powers, often misuses prayer to ask God for favours, which, if he uses his latent powers he can obtain. When we can tune our minds to God's wave-length, we receive spiritual strength and Divine energy, which is all around us, and causes us to do what seems impossible. As a great thinker once clinched an argument by saying, what is prayer, but an ascent of the mind toward God?"

Self-assertion .../

Self-assertion a Driving Force

Life is wondorfully given, derives its value only from the use we make of it; it is like an endowment, it can be a source of Happiness for years to come, /wasted away in a short while. /or

Self-assertion is life's driving force for good and happiness, if it derives its power from spiritual energy. We are all made to go forward, to reason, to overcome, to master, even circumstances and our own baser instincts. Are you a conquering human being? Or a coward, or too lazy to assert yourself, and use your God-given powers? There is still time for you to conquer fear, and enjoy life, as man among men Remember, "your life is what you make it".

- Amy Jacques Garvey.

STRUGGLE OF THE PEOPLE OF SOUTH AFRICA

The Azanian people have been subjected to colonial domination and economic exploitation for the past 318 years. During the 17th Century, when Dutch colonialism was at its height, the southern tip of the Continent of Africa was colonised by the Dutch in order to establish a half-way station for sailing vessels of the Dutch East India Company carrying spices, silks, gems and other raw materials looted from the East Indian Islands. Thus in 1652 Jan van Riebeeck landed at the Cape of Goode Hope, with a number of settlers, to establish a half-way station.

The Dutch colonialists landed at the Cape of Goode Hope with a rifle in one hand and a bible in the other for the specific purpose of grabbing land and cattle from the indigenous people to supply fresh vegetables and meat to the passing vessels. The colonialists not only forcibly expropriated land and confiscated cattle from the indigenous inhabitants but also introduced the institution of slavery. However, despite the wholesale massacre of the Hottentots, the tribe that inhabited the South Western Cape, they fought the colonialists bravely.

The so-called Napoleonic war in Europe led to the first occupation of the Dutch colony by the British in 1795. Finally Holland ceded the colony to the British in 1814. This gave rise to a contradiction between the burgher settlers and the new occupationists. In the early 1830's the Boers, or burgher settlers, moved eastwards in order to establish a republic independent of the British colonialists. This exodus of the Boers, from the British occupied colony, is termed the "Great Trek".

This eastward expansion led to a direct conflict between the trekking Boers and the indigenous people who resolutely defended their land and cattle from the colonialists. Great African Chiefs like Chaka, Dingaan and Moshoeshoe mobilised their entire armies to fight the invadors. However, lack of revolutionary theory and a backward economic system led to the defeat of these armies in some instances. Moshoeshoe was never defeated, hence today Lesotho being an enclave in the heart of racist South Africa. The invaders set up the Orange River Sovereignty (now called the province of the Orange Free State) and the South African Republic (now called the province of Transvaal).

In 1886 ... /

In 1886 gold was discovered in the South African Republic and the British colonialists, who were occupying the Cape Province and Natal, were determined to grab the vast deposits of gold that was just discovered. The British imperialists mounted an attack on the newly created Boer Republic which terminated with the defeat of the Boers in the Anglo-Boer war of 1899-1902. It is interesting to note that the arch British imperialist, Winston Churchill, fought in the Anglo-Boer war.

Thus in 1902 South Africa became a fully-fledged ally of Britain, and the British imperialists, through the De Beers Mining Corporation, began the naked exploitation of Azania's mineral resources, particularly gold, diamonds, coal, asbestos, uranium, etc., etc.

In 1909, the British House of Commons, that facade of democracy, debated a bill to grant internal self-government to the white minority in South Africa. The Union of South Africa was set up by the British imperialists in 1910 with an all-white parliament. In 1961, the all-white parliament voted to break all ties, which in any case were formal, with the British crown and declared itself a Republic. However, the racist minority clique which is in power, presently, in South Africa represents Anglo-American imperialism. By oppressing and brutally subjugating the vast majority of the population, the racists make it possible for Anglo-American imperialism to reap super profits from direct exploitation of the Azanian people.

THE RED, BLACK AND GREEN - OUR FLAG

1. Here's to this Flag of mine
The Red, Black and Green;
Hopes in its future bright
Africa has seen.

2. Here's to the Red of it,
Great nations shall know of it,
in time to come.
Red blood shall flow for it,
Historians shall write of it,
Great Flag of mine.

3. Here's to the Black of it,
Four hundred million back of it,
Whose destiny depend on it,
The Red, Black and Green of it,
Oh Flag of mine.

4. Here's to the Green of it
Young men shall dream of it,
Face shot and shell for it,
Maidens shall sing of it
Waving so high.

5. Here's to the whole of it
Colours bright and pole of it,
Pleased is my soul with it
Regardless of what is told of it,
Thank God for giving it,
GREAT FLAG OF MINE.

UP YOU MIGHTY RACE!!

MARCUS GARVEY.

GO NATURAL BLACK Girls!!

On a trip to Mexico, I travelled equipped with comb, iron and a can of Sterno - in case a gas stove or hot plate was not available in the hotel.

On one occasion I was invited to a party and did not have time to go through my "ritual." Feeling most self-conscious, I merely brushed my hair and went to the party wearing it natural.

"Que bonito!" my Mexican friends exclaimed. "How beautiful your hair is! It has such wonderful body and texture. Senora, you look like a beautiful piece of African sculpture. Pobre de mi! (Poor me!) with such lank and lifeless hair."

I was astonished. What was the matter with these Mexicans? and here I had always thought that they had the most admirable type of hair in the world. When I came home from the party, I sneaked another look at myself in the mirror. Oh no! My Mexican friends must have been pulling my leg. How could I possibly have gone out in company with my hair looking like that? I returned to the seeming security of my combs and iron.

When my Mexican friends saw me later with my gleaming, processed locks, they said, "Que lastima! What a pity! What have you done to your hair, Senora? You have lost your wonderful curl!" I took a second look at myself. Well... Maybe they had something there. I wasn't sure. On a visit to Vera Cruz , a few days later, I saw a young Mexican Negro woman who looked just like me in face, feature, and texture of hair. There was one difference. Her hair was shaped to the head in a boyish style, and it was natural. She looked positively handsome. Then on the spot, I wondered if I could ever garner up sufficient courage to wear mine likewise. What would my friends think?

Feeling a bit more confident on my arrival home, I tried the new coiffure for about a week, but this proved to be too great a shock for my family and friends. They advised me that if I could not get an appointment with my regular operator, they would arrange one for me. In my office, my well marcelled co-workers stared and whispered behind my back. They assumed that I was "spent out" after my vacation. When they mentioned that they would pass the hat for me I chickened out and went back on my every-two-weeks schedule. And everyone, family, friends and co-workers seemed happy. Everyone except me.

Preparatory to spending a humid Summer at school in New York, I went to my heighborhood barber. I asked him to cut my hair about an inch and a half long and to shape it to my head. Hesitating, he asked. "Lady are you sure you want it cut that short? That's kind of short you know."

"Sure, I'm sure," I replied." "I have decided that it's the nature of my hair to be short. Therefore, I want to look as if I wish to wear it short. I'm finally convinced that it will never grow long enough for me to sit on, anyway."

"It's none of my business, ma'am, but you are going to look kinda peculiar with your hair short like that. You gonna get it straightened, ain't you?"

"Nup ..... /

"Nup, gonna wear it natural."

"Okay, okay, lady. It's your hair." He started snipping. After he had finished, I was handed the mirror. What I saw there brought all my doubts rushing back. But it was too late now.

The barber was sympathetic. "Lady, I can give you the address of a hair weaving place out south. You still got enough to weave onto."

I thought of the Vera Cruzana. Perhaps this hair bit was going to be an educational job. "I don't think I'll need it," I told him, as I rushed out of the shop with my abbreviated locks. It was me against the whole community.

In New York, I lived at International House. One humid morning as I sat in the dining room, immaculately cool in my natural coiffure, a woman of colour came up to me and spoke.

"Excuse me, you are an African student, aren't you? Is it Ghana, Nigeria, perhaps Tanganyika?"

"-No-" I said, "I'm an American. I'm from Chicago."

"Oh," she said, "You could have fooled me. Indeed you did. I was struck by your hair-do. It's beautiful! How did you get it that way?"

"I didn't do anything," I said. "Just had it cut. I'm wearing it natural."

"Gee, honey." She became familiar. "With all of this humidity, I can't do a thing with mine. I know that touching it up every morning is ruining my hair. I sure wish I had your courage."

I must say that I felt stronger in my determination to find my own image. When I went out into the street, I left off the kerchief which I had been wearing, in my uncertainty, for a crutch. Soon I was receiving more compliments than criticism about my natural hair-do, and besides, I was not really alone, for it seemed the vogue of natural hair was more wide-spread in New York than in Chicago. I noted that the African students and delegates to the United Nations took pride in their vibrantly alive heads of hair.

Discussions with the African students acquainted me with a new concept: the quest of the African to recover a normal self pride, a confidence which had been shattered by centuries of colonization and subjection. It is an effort to recover a world in which he may have a sense of unashamed identity and an unsubordinate role. This search for a cultural patrimony is a necessary stage in the liberation of the African people. It occurred to me that American Negroes who were aspiring toward full citizenship in this democracy could accelerate their forward march by formulating their own concept of these roots.

Thus, though three hundred years removed, I found kinship with my African cousins. My search for a type of hair conditioning peculiar to me was in essence an effort to reject adherence to white standards of beauty in the grooming of hair. Mine was a determination to become aware of myself, and to aid other negroes to become

aware ..... /

.....aware of themselves as a beautiful contribution to the human race.

This search for our own image is in no way meant to deprecate the work of the Negro beauticians. To them is issued a challenge to create ways of grooming Negro hair smartly in its natural state. They could do research on hair styles developed in Africa and Egypt thousands of years ago.

In Africa today those styles are still being used. Many are far superior in classic beauty to some efforts to straighten Negro hair. The styling is the important thing, not the texture.

Perhaps now you understand the reasons for my revolution and why I am wearing my hair the way God made it. When you see me or other women on the street wearing our hair natural, perhaps you will not stare so hard or feel ashamed. You will understand that we are pleased and satisfied with our image. We are being our own true selves. We have ceased to look for the key to unlock the spiral in our hair.

- Margaret T. G. Burroughs

"S O U N D S F R O M T H E G R A S S R O O T S"

The Cameron Case

Up-Park Camp
Kingston 5.
Sept., '70.

The Editor,
The Black Man.

Dear Sir,

.....Now to the discharge of CAMERON. (BUBBLES, ARMY)

(1) Should a soldier be discharged in this manner without a trial? No. He should be given a fair trial.

(2) Smith and others will not like men like these and he know Cameron is not a fool. The P.M. does not feel good to know that such a little man would speak for the other paper tigers.

(3) Our P.M. will never be like GUYANA P.M., TANZANIA OR UGANDA OR ZAMBIA PRESIDENTS AND KNOW THAT CAMERON IS NOT A THREAT BUT A SOLDIER FOR HIS COUNTRY. He let foreigners tell him what to do and he follow. Are you prepared to kick out the men of the army like this every day. They have family to take care of, do you know that? Why tell a man his service is no longer required from now on and you should hand in your kit and leave immediately. Is this not dictatorship? Democracy means government of the people and by the people. That is the meaning.

We only vote to release a psychological effect and not a practical development. The two party system with the ballot box only excruciate us and leave us the same way.

that ... /

THIS IS TO SAY WE WANT A THIRD PARTY WHICH IS TO BE A REVOLUTIONARY PARTY. Brethren who have been discharged from the army live in hope and help us to form a third party to destroy the forces of evil from among us.

NOTE - IF THERE IS TO BE A REVOLUTION THERE MUST BE A REVOLUTIONARY PARTY ARMED WITH THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE PEOPLE.

SUPPORT OUR ONLY REVOLUTIONARY PAPER - THE BLACK MAN

- J.D.F. OBSERVER

T A C T I C S T A C T I C S T A C T I C S

F I R E F I R E

J.M.B.
UP-PARK CAMP.
KGN. 2.

The Editor,
The Blackman.

Please grant me space for the following.

I am a soldier in the J.M.B. and do know what Cameron (bubbles, army) was speaking for. He knew that justice was not given to the soldiers in the J.D.F. so he was trying to make the P.M. know what was going on. His discharge shook the entire camp to know that a man of such calibre was given an order to leave immediately without given a notice.

Cameron was only asking for better food and that discipline should be for all and not for a few people. The discipline in the band is poor chiefly because the ones in authority do not treat the men well. They speak to us like dogs and are always telling us they have the handle and we have the blade. They all are afraid he tell the P.M. what is going on inside the army. On one occasion I can remember the B.M. TOLD HIM THAT IF HE SPEAK AGAIN TO THE P.M. HE WOULD LEAVE HIM AT THE NEAREST POLICE STATION. He spoke to everyone who he thought could help him but it was in vain. This brother have more right to be in the army than a lot of people who are in it now. There are soldiers who steal money, officers who get involved with money and instead of discharg-ing them, they are given promotion and transfer while others are fighting for promotion. The army is also running under mercenaries and our own Jamaicans cannot get a try. Cameron was not of these type. He was of the type who tells you to educate yourself and go and teach the people what you can. If there is anyone to be discharged it is the man who most of the time gets drunk and sits on the step. He also used soldiers on his plantation with the army trucks and no one says anything about it. They give me a little authority so they say and I was one of them who used to fight against Cameron but it is after they discharge him that I really wake up and see that what they have done to him they may do it to me also.

there ... /

There is much to be said but it will have to be a next time. Brothers if you see Cameron tell him love soggie and he will reply I am always a soldier.

Thanks to the Blackman and with God good blessing may it grow from strength to strength.

A SOLDIER
Cpl. You to Know and
Cpl. You to Find Out.

PRISON CONDITIONS

Dear Mr. Marcus Garvey, Jnr.,

I as an inmate in the General Penitentiary Prison, have heard and read many things about you, which is of importance to me; to find out if you are serious or not, there will be serious things you will have to face to prove your braveness, at any time you will be called upon sir. One, the mass demonstration you created couple weeks ago, and telling the people what is right from wrong. But I have seen where the government is trying to suppress your philosophy and also using means of violence to place you in prison. I have also read in a gleaner, where you stated that, it is time for positive action, all these things forces me to think serious of you.

Many youths Mr. Garvey, escaped from prison, some face the sorrows of death, some is still alive today but is without management, no one to show them the right from the wrong. I am now asking you to play the part as a leader for the youths in Jamaica. It is a well-known fact that the average youths in Jamaica are thirsty to see the flare of revolution implemented by some intelligent person who is fitting for the position. It is in the mind of plenty youths to fight the bloody revolution, but the majority compulsory must have to resort to crime simply because they have no one to help them, so I am now calling on you Garvey to do what you can.

Mr. Garvey your literatures have been read by the average youths both here in prison, and out of prison. Mr. Garvey you will be surprised to know the theme the youths are now exercising through the influence of your literatures, you had been writing during the past month.

Prison: Mr. Garvey, as I have already told you that I am an inmate at the General Penitentiary Prison, I am now going to give you all information which is of use to you a future leader. Well speaking about the prison authorities, is full time. This prison is one of the worst prisons in the world, and the and the reason for me to pass this remark is because I had read a great many books of different prisons in the world and none is like this one. The condition of the prison is very deplorable to the human health, also the medical treatment we received from the prison hospital is crippling to the human body. Living condition is very diabolic, especially for the youths. The youths have to live by force amongst hardened criminals whether they want to or not. The most surprising thing of all is the three men living in one cell which is 9Ft. long and 5Ft. 3ins. wide, cells these sizes are the biggest ones, but I would like you to bear in mind that there are smaller cells that three persons

also ... /

also have to live in. Homosexualism is something the prison authorities cherish and enjoy. They enjoy it so much that when a youth is to be placed in a cell they put him amongst two homosexualists, and then later in the night there one hear a lot of noise coming from that individual cell. In the morning when you ask the youth what is wrong he reply by telling you that he was raped by the two men in the cell. If he was to tell any of the warders in charge that he was raped by two prisoners in the cell the warder would beat him or punish him. There are warders who take money from prisoners just to put a young boy in a cell where knives, knuckle-dusters, an iron pipe are. If the young boy refuse to go in the cell the warder would beat him and carry him to bigger authorities, the bigger authorities who are no better, say take him to the dumb cell and beat him, if possible to death. The schedule bed time hours is 3 O'clock sometimes 2 O'clock.

Now Mr. Garvey I am asking you to look into these serious matters, and check them thoroughly for me. If possible you and a body of people can give this prison a probe, if the government, and the prison authorities will allow you to do so.

Our organisation is the Black Liberation Action Front. (B.L.A.F.) and we all pledge that: If it is the will of providence that I should depart from this world through the bullet of a police, then I have no choice. But I go full of supreme confidence and satisfaction that I have serve liberty to the limit of my physical ability, and even gave my most prized possession, my life, for the redemption of Jamaica. (The Wousi Sinibas) or the black lion.

I am
Your beloved
Ras Tshomba, as the
Squad Commander.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mrs. Margaret Burroughs, the Author of the Article starting on page 8, was recently in Jamaica where she attended the Afro-Caribbean Seminar at the University of the West Indies. She has a very dynamic personality and is full of original and advanced thinking on the problems of our race. She may be contacted at:-

The Museum of African-American History,
3806 South Michigan Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois 60653,
U.S.A.

BLACK YOUTHS STOP ATTACKING EACH OTHER!
KNOW YOUR REAL ENEMY! UP THE BLACK RACE!! DOWN WITH THE PIGS!!
BLACK POWER FOR BLACK PEOPLE!!

B L A C K L I K E M E

By (BLACK YOUTH)

Black like me
Must be free,
White like you
Don't tell me what to do.
I'm black and I'm Proud
And I shall say it out loud,
You are White with Might
Don't tell me when to fight.

+++++

Rastas are not what you think
They don't hate and kill and smell stink
They are a group of people like me, you see
But just because of this society
I hate to tell you but this is true,
Rastas are cleaner than me and you.
They advocate good not bad;
But my God they suffer, it's sad, sad, sad,
I am not a Rasta man,
But it's true, I know,
We are all African

+++++

Chinese Man go away
No Peak-a-Pow today
What we need is money like you
Does your Peak-a-Pow give us that too?
Chinese man I can't understand
Why the hell you always lead the band?
You dislike the man in your shop
Yet he's the man who takes you to the top.
You send your Chinese boys to school
All he talks about is Peak-a-Pow rules
He lies and cheat just like me
But god damn it he's in Society.
Chinese man go away,
No Peak-a-Pow today.

+++++

If I hate you it's because you hate me.
If I love you it's because you set me free.
If you are proud to be White,
Then I am proud to be BLACK.
But when you hear the word BLACK
You get upset and say, White attack!!

+++++

Blackman listen to me
No matter what they say
One Day B L A C K must be F R E E.

++++++++++++++++++++

GET THEE OUT OF MY FATHER'S LAND

By: Kisima Kidonda

Get thee out of my father's land
Ye foul faced ROTTEN SKINNED JINX.
Ye steal my land and smash my materials
But ye can't disturb my plans.
I'll bet you on that.

Ye ill-use my kin-folkes and threaten my heredity
with rape -
But ye can't get under my Black skin
I'll bet you on that.

Ye slap my cheek and I smile
My black face purple with anger
And yes I smile, for the day is coming when I'll
get ye for all.
Ye shrivelled skinned hog.

Get thee out of my father's land
Ye raw eyed foul breath Jinx.
Make your own joke and laugh at it.
Dig your own grave you shall lie in it.
Get out or stay and die intellectual or...?

We do our own thing.
Fabricate your truth from a lie and study it.
You lack the faculty of fooling me, -
Stink off and run - fly or jump - FAST!!
GET THEE OUT OF MY FATHER'S LAND.

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